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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

STAND LIKE THE ANVIL.

"Stand like the anvil," when the strokes Of stalwart men fall fierce and fast; Storms but more deeply root the oak, Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like the anvil," when the sparks Fly far and wide, a fiery shower; Virtue and truth must still be marks Where molten raves its want of power.

"Stand like the anvil," when the bat Lies red and glowing on its breast Duty shall be life's leading star, And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like the anvil," noise and heat Are born of earth and die with time; The soul, like God, its source and seat, Is seldom still, serene, sublime.

FAITH REWARDED.

CHAPTER I.

"You will be back as soon as you can, Edith? You know how I dislike being left alone." Mrs. Bertram spoke fretfully, and looked as if she rather resented her daughter's going out at all. "And you will think over what I have said to you about Dr. Ashby? You know, my dear, some one must make a sacrifice; I'm sure I'm willing to do anything, but what is there a helpless invalid can do? If you would only look at the matter from a reasonable point of view you would not hesitate. Just think of Blanche and Eva, what is to become of those poor, darling children?"

Edith sighed deeply; she had been thinking of the children all the morning while teaching them their lessons and correcting their exercises, trying to coax Bee to practice, and Eva to get through her French verbs, thinking what a comfort it would be if they could both be sent off to a good school, where they would be taught obedience; for though she had all the trouble, she had not the slightest control over them.

It only seemed like playing at lessons to have Edith for a governess, while to her it was weary, weeping work, added to all her other anxieties and worries. For everything seemed to fall on Edith's shoulders. Mrs. Bertram was a fretful, rather selfish person, who suffered from nervous headaches, and on the strength of them took very little interest in the affairs of her small and straitened household, except to perpetually find fault, and grumble at the hard fate that had placed her in such circumstances.

She was a pretty woman, with soft fair hair and violet eyes, and useless little white hands; and though Edith Bertram felt it keenly when her father brought home a young wife to the Dingle, she did not wonder when she looked at the pretty clinging girl who looked little older than herself, and seemed so sweet, shy and amiable. Edith was fifteen, and her step-mother twenty-two, though she did not look nearly so old. And just at first, things went on smoothly enough at the Dingle. Mrs. Bertram made no changes, and Edith was still housekeeper, and took care of her father as she had done for five years, ever since her own mother had died. But after a few months the sweetness and shyness rubbed off, and Mrs. Bertram exhibited a sharpness of temper and petulance of manner that was anything but pleasant. The doctor, amiable and easy-tempered to a fault, gave in to her in everything. First she had Edith's drawing-master sent away, as she thought it mere waste of time and money; then the music-teacher was dismissed on the plea that, as Edith was not going to be a musical governess, it was absurd to keep on learning, as she played quite well enough already.

Then Mrs. Bertram began to find fault with Jack Clifford, the doctor's assistant, and made it so unpleasant for him that he declared one day he could not stand it any longer. "I've made up my mind to go to the Cape, Edith, to make my fortune," he said, and she could only bid him goodbye, with tear-dimmed eyes and faltering voice. She could not ask him to stay, for it did not seem like home at the Dingle, and all her authority was gone. "But I'll come back, Edith," Jack added, holding both her hands. "I'll return to you. Will you trust me, darling, and wait?"

"Yes, Jack, I will," she replied, simply. And the next day he left with a formal farewell. Only Edith knew what a disappointment it was to Jack, and how all his hopes were blighted and his plans altered. The doctor had promised to make him his partner, and that one day he should succeed him; but for some inexplicable reason he had been cold and distant of late, and it seemed a positive relief when Jack was gone.

Six months after the bank in which Dr. Bertram had deposited the savings of his whole life, and Edith's fortune inherited from her mother, failed suddenly—everything was lost, and the doctor never recovered the shock of it. "If I only had Jack to stand by me I might have borne it," he said, sadly; "he would have been a son to me in my adversity." But Jack was gone, none knew whither, and Mrs. Bertram began to only realize that she had done a foolish thing in driving him away, for the doctor grew every day more feeble, and at length was forced to sell his practice and house, and move into a

tiny cottage on the outskirts of the village, where, after a few months, he died of a broken heart. The money he had received for his practice and the Dingle, and an insurance on his life, was all he had to leave his wife and children, and invested in the most careful way, it brought them in less than a hundred a year.

Poor Edith found it hard work to make both ends of such a narrow income meet, and after a few months she found it a positively necessary to do something to earn more money. She could not go away as a governess—first, because her stepmother had cut short her education at the most critical time, and, beside, she could not leave her little sisters. But her music she had always kept up, and the village church happening to be in need of an organist, the vicar offered her the situation, which she gratefully accepted; and after a time she secured a few music pupils, and in that way helped out their narrow income. But the hardest work of all was teaching and taking care of Blanche and Eva. They were pretty, willful, spoiled children, indulged by their mother, and unaccustomed to any sort of control or discipline. During the doctor's lifetime they had a nursery governess, and Edith never imagined till she came to have Miss Lee must have suffered at their hands.

There was but one bright spot in the rather weary, monotonous life, the daily walk with the children. For their health's sake and her own she made a point of taking them out every fine day for a ramble through the woods and shady lanes. Ashmead was in the center of a beautiful country; not a railway in sight; no smoke from furnace or factory stained the clear, pure air; nothing but rich corn-fields, fertile valleys, cool shady woods and mossy lanes, with a merry little brook flashing like a gleam of summer lightning through the meadows. It was a positive delight to saunter idly along in the glorious sunshine and gather the wild flowers that grew so luxuriantly at their feet, and weave ropes and chains and wreaths of blossoms. It seemed like new life to get clear of the house, with its narrow confines and solid cares; and of late there had come a new element of distress into poor Edith's existence. For a whole year Dr. Seymour Ashby, her father's successor, had been a constant visitor at Eglington cottage. It was amazing how many excuses he found for calling at first, and how soon he began to call without an excuse, and one day he proposed in due form to Mrs. Bertram for Edith, and she gave him every encouragement to try his fortune for himself.

"Of course you'll accept him, Edith," she said, eagerly. "It will be such a blessing to us all. Dr. Ashby is young, rich, clever, handsome. What more can you possibly want? And he really loves you most devotedly."

"But I don't love him," Edith replied.

"Then you ought, and I'm sure you will in time; and beside, as I said before, some one of us must make a sacrifice for the children's sake. Do think it over before he talks to you, Edith."

"Yes, I'll think it over," was the somewhat weary reply, as Edith put on her hat and took up her basket to join the children, who were waiting impatiently outside.

But it was not of Dr. Ashby, but of Jack Clifford, that she thought, as she sauntered through the fields—Jack, who had left her six years before to make his fortune, and, despite his promise, had never returned.

CHAPTER II.

Knee-deep, apparently, in the golden, full-eared wheat, Edith and her sisters sauntered idly along, Eva first, gathering the brightest of everything, till her basket was full to overflowing—scarlet poppies, Marguerites, graceful clematis, rich leaves mellowing with the first early autumn tints, long trailing sprays of amber-veined ivy, and nodding golden grasses—all sorts of wayside and woodland treasures. They were returning from Hazeldell farm, where the children had rested for half an hour, and eaten home-made bread and butter, and drank milk with the yellow wrinkled cream on it, and helped themselves to the remains of late amber gooseberries that bordered the garden path. It was always a treat to go to Hazeldell farm, but had Edith known that there were seven children ill in the next farmhouse she would have chosen some other direction. She had tried to think Dr. Ashby's proposal over calmly, and it certainly seemed a safe and easy way out of all their difficulties. He was rich and willing to undertake the children's education; he would make an addition to Mrs. Bertram's income, which would enable her to live in comfort at some watering place (though Mrs. Bertram meant to make the Dingle her home); everything he proposed was kind and thoughtful, and she was very grateful, but in her heart she felt she did not love Seymour Ashby, and what was more than that, she never should love him. Friendship, esteem, affection perhaps, she might in time be able to give him, but no second growth of love would ever spring up in her heart. Edith's was an intense, patient, faithful nature, giving much and exacting little in return. She was willing to wait, as she had promised Jack Clifford, to wait

all her life if need be—but there were the children and her stepmother helpless and dependent on her. Clearly some one would have to make a sacrifice, and with equal clearness Edith saw that it must be herself. So she resolved to accept Dr. Ashby's proposal, and tried to assure herself that she was acting for the best.

Presently she heard a step behind her on the narrow path, and looking round she saw the doctor approaching; a tall handsome man, dressed in a suit of tweed, with a gengary cap pulled down over his eyes; as different from his predecessor, Dr. Bertram, as a man could be, but with a dash and cleverness men of the old school never possessed.

"I have been trying to overtake you for ten minutes, Miss Edith," he said, falling just a step behind, for the path was too narrow for two. "I have something of importance to say to you."

"Yes, doctor," she replied calmly, though her heart beat fast and every trace of color left her face.

"You know what I would say, Edith—you must have seen during all those months how I love you. I want you to be my wife. Your mother has given me permission to address you, and given me some little reason to hope that you will listen to me. Tell me, Edith, can you or do you care a little about me?"

For a minute or two Edith was silent, then she told him all the truth, how they were situated, how she had liked Jack Clifford, but for six years had not heard anything of him, and how, if she consented to be his wife, he must be content with more esteem and affection, for she had no love to bestow.

"You are honest, Edith, and truthful," he said in a very low voice, "and I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me, but I must think this matter over. I love you far too well to risk your happiness in any way. Six years is a long time to be faithful to a silent lover, Edith."

"We were scarcely lovers, doctor," she replied, with a sad little smile. "Jack just said, 'I'll come back Edith; will you wait?' and I said I would—that was all. But poor papa was alive then, and we were rich; now everything is so different. For myself, I am content as I am, but the children!"

"Ah, yes, the children—something must be done for them. They are far too much for you. Did you say Jack Clifford went to the Cape, Edith, and that you never heard from him?"

"Yes, he said he was going to make his fortune in the diamond fields, but he never wrote, so I dare say he was not successful, poor fellow! Indeed, I think he must be dead."

"I think not," Dr. Ashby replied, thoughtfully. "Once more, Edith, I thank you heartily for your candor and confidence, and I will come to you for your final answer at the end of a month. Till then, good-bye," and the doctor lifted his cap, and turned down a by-path that led to the Dingle, and poor Edith went home more perplexed than ever.

"It's a whole month since we've seen Dr. Ashby—what ever did you say to him, Edith?" Mrs. Bertram said one evening; "the house has seemed wretchedly dull without him. You did not surely refuse him point-blank?"

"No, I did not refuse him," Edith replied, wearily; she had answered nearly the same question every day for four weeks, and was tired of it. She was looking pale and worn, but Mrs. Bertram never had eyes for any one's illness but her own.

"Mamma," Eva cried, bursting into the room, "here's the doctor and another gentleman!"

And Mrs. Bertram smoothed her fluffing hair and put on her amiable smile, while Edith's heart began to beat fiercely. She had thought the matter over from every point of view, and at length came to the conclusion that it would be positively wicked to marry the doctor while Jack Clifford was so much in her thoughts, and, come what might, she would not do it. Presently he came in alone, and, after a few moments' conversation, he asked her to walk with him for a few minutes in the garden. She went at once, longing to have the interview over, and burst into the subject directly. "I cannot be your wife, Dr. Ashby; I think it would be wrong of me to accept your proposal, feeling as I do. Please try and forgive me and let me go."

"First, let me introduce my friend," he said, laying his hand on her arm, "and my new assistant—the work of Ashmead is rather too much for me—Miss Bertram—Mr. Clifford."

"Jack!" In a moment she was in his arms, her face hidden on his shoulder, all the long years of absence and silence forgotten. She only felt that he had returned, and she was still free. Later she learned how it had all come about—how Dr. Ashby saw an advertisement in the paper, and guessed that "Jno. C." must mean Jack Clifford, lately returned from the Cape, and several old letters he discovered in a drawer in one of the rooms of the Dingle convinced him that there was treachery at work somewhere. So he just engaged Jack, and then to him all about the Bertrams, and how Edith was still faithful to him, though she never received one of his letters.

The result was a very quiet wedding in Ashmead church, and on that day Dr. Ashby handed over the Dingle and the practice to his partner, and went to travel in South America, promising to return about the time Blanche was seventeen. Both the children he placed at school, and Mrs. Bertram, feeling very much ashamed of the part she had played in intercepting Jack's letters, left Ashmead, and in a few years married a retired merchant at Brighton, and so never troubled her stepdaughter further.

Jack Clifford is fast becoming the most popular doctor for miles around, and when Seymour Ashby returns, if he ever does, he will find the practice greatly extended. Edith is perfectly happy in her old home, the Dingle, and never for a moment has regretted her perfect faith in Jack.

A R. teacher's Methods.

In an interview with a professional ratecatcher a New York Sun reporter asked:

"How do you clear a house of rats?" "If the house has a soft cellar floor I can get the rats out, but I can't keep them out. If it has a hard foundation, I hunt out all the holes leading from the sewers and stop them up with sand and cement. That prevents any more from getting in and those in the house from escaping. You see, a rat is always on the move. He is never still, but goes from the sewer to the house and back again very often. Having made the cellar tight, I find the runways by which the rats go from one floor to another. These are generally along lead pipes in the walls. A rat will run up a lead pipe as easy as walk along the floor. You can see the marks of their feet on the runway. I nail a small square piece of tin over a part of the runway and I grease the outside. Now, a rat can't run up this, and he slips down when he comes to it.

"If I can't get at the runways I find the holes, and fix this wire door on it. You see, it is made of four pieces of short wire laid parallel, held together by crossbars, and sharpened at the ends. This is suspended by the top over a rat-hole. Coming from the hole a rat can easily lift it up and get through, but he can't get back, as the gate falls and the sharp points prevent him from lifting it. Now I make a rat trap of the whole house. I so fix the gates and tin sides that the rats will all be led into one room in the basement. There they are securely caught, as they cannot possibly get out. I go among them with a dark lantern and pick them up with my tongs. I can catch them as quickly as a cat would a mouse. If they get in places where I can't reach them I shoot them with this long target pistol. I use these little target cartridges, and it kills them every time.

"When the rats get in ceilings I smother them out with cayenne pepper. I have a fumigator here which works like an air pump. I burn red pepper in it and pump it into the ceiling. The rats can't stand that, and they get out as fast as they can. That is better than a ferret, as ferrets are expensive and the rats often kill them. Ferrets are scary things to handle. If they bite you once you have to pry their jaws open. When I want to catch rats for dogs I set traps. First I remove everything out of their way, so that they will get very hungry. Then I set the traps. Then I have another way of catching them. I wear rubber shoes into a slaughter-house at night and carry a dark lantern. I move softly about and catch the rats with the tongs before they have a chance to get away. In this way I have caught 103 rats in two hours and a half. If you ever get bitten by a rat, put the wound in hot water and make it bleed. Then bathe it with arnica or spirits of turpentine."

A White Apache.

The Tombstone (Arizona) Republican of recent date says: A few days since a Hermosillo dispatch announced the wounding and capture of a white man, supposed to be L. N. Streeter, while heading an Apache foray. Streeter is about fifty years of age and was born in California, his father being captain of an English merchantman trading on the Pacific coast and his mother a native Californian. Of his boyhood or early manhood very little is known, he first coming into notice in Arizona by his connection as clerk with the San Carlos agency during Governor Safford's administration in this Territory. While there he had some difficulty with the officials, caused, it is said, by his giving aid and comfort to hostile Apaches. He left there suddenly and went straight for the camp of Juh and Geronimo, which was then near Janos Pass, on the line between Sonora and Chihuahua. It is stated that while he was at the agency he became enamored of a squaw belonging to the tribe, and it was this fact that induced his leaving civilization to cast his fortunes with the Apaches. Governor Safford offered a large reward for his apprehension, some stories placing the amount as high as \$5,000. He was not apprehended, however, and has never returned to Arizona.

He is said by those knowing him intimately, to be very intelligent and well educated, and a manuscript now in the hands of the writer, written while Streeter was at Grenados, goes to prove it. He speaks the Apache dialect fluently, and is said to have great influence with them. His standing among the savages, by whom he is known as Don Casamaro, may be seen when it is known that the eldest son of Chief Geronimo is named for him.

A Shower of Birds.

The most remarkable phenomenon relating to Iowa storms occurred at Independence not long ago, when the people at night were aroused by a loud pelting against the windows, which could not be accounted for until the morning, when thousands of birds were found dead all over the city. It had been a literal shower of birds, and, stranger still, nobody had ever seen such birds before. In size they were a trifle larger than a snowbird and their color much like a quail. It is supposed they were drawn into a vortex way down South and rushed through the atmosphere there those thousands of miles.

The safety of railroad traveling is forcibly illustrated in the statement that of the 41,120,285 passengers carried by railroads terminating in Boston last year but eight were killed.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A man in Pittsburg, Penn., has invented a potato-digger which, it is claimed, will do the work of twenty men.

At a recent reception given by M. Louis Rau, in Paris, each of the lady guests about to take part in a dance was presented with a bouquet in the middle of which shone a miniature electric lamp fed by batteries devised by M. Trouve.

The world's largest animals are disappearing. The elephant is said to be rapidly approaching extinction, and in the interest of science it is suggested that the British government interfere to prevent the further destruction of this gigantic creature in India.

Nature creates by the million, apparently that she may destroy by the myriad. She gives life one instant, only that she may snatch it away the next. The main difference is that the higher we ascend the less lavish the creation, and the less sweeping the destruction. Thus, while probably but one fish in a thousand reaches maturity, of every 1,000 children born, 604 attain adult age. That is, nature flings aside 399 out of every 1,000 fishes as useless for her purposes, and two out of every five human beings.

Dogs, rabbits and Guinea pigs were kept by M. Poincare in an atmosphere resembling that which is usually breathed by persons who use petroleum. The Guinea pigs alone succumbed after remaining from one to two years in this medium. The other animals appeared to resist indefinitely. He nevertheless recommends persons employing petroleum as a source of heat or light, or who treat it industriously, to keep their stock in closed vessels, to attend to ventilation, and to execute the operations of rectification, etc., under draught-hoods.

From observations made in New York and neighboring cities, Dr. A. A. Julien concludes that the various stones used for buildings will retain a decent appearance in walls for the following periods: Coarse brown stone, from 5 to 15 years; laminated fine brown stone, from 25 to 50 years; compact fine brown stone, from 100 to 200 years; Nova Scotia stone, probably from 50 to 100 years; Ohio sandstone, 100 years; Caen stone, from 35 to 40 years; coarse dolomite marble, 40 years; fine marble, 60 years; pure calcareous marble, from 50 to 100 years; granite, according to variety, from 75 to 200 years. Among the chief destroyers of the stones are solvent substances washed from the air by rains, and the heat of the sun.

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THE MAN WHO NEVER ADVERTISES.

Sing, business man, the dark and doleful fate Of him who labors but that he may wait: The piles of goods heaped up within his store; Which can't be less, and never may be more, The man whose life has lost all fortune's prizes:

In fact, the man who never advertises. Sing of his start, his great ambition— The capital that gave him cause to hope, His credit large, his full and ample stock, His bank account as solid as a rock; Then fell the doom to which the man was fated

Who never advertised, but simply waited. So simply, and so vainly! Splendid signs, Which basement art irradiates and refines; Plate glass show windows, elegantly dressed, Such lovely clerks, cashiers, and all the rest, Served but to show him how the public size The style of him who never advertises.

He waited, and all waited; clerks, cashiers, Salesmen, saleswomen—such delightful dears— Impatient waited all the season through, With precious little for the crowd to do. The public saw—that fact there's no denying— But passed the store without a thought of buying.

Business was dull, but salaries and rent Went on till cash and credit both were spent; The silly merchant hoped his luck would turn Until the sheriff closed the whole concern. Now, at a pittance which his soul despises, He works for one who always advertises.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Things worth noting—Invitations to drink. Many patients at our best hospitals receive gruel treatment.—Life.

Why are bores like trees? Because we love them best when they leave.—Derrick.

Breaches of promise—Those your tailor didn't bring home.—Chicago Herald.

A bee often meets with reverses, but as a rule he is successful in the end.—Rocheater Express.

"I spread my waves from poll to poll," remarked the wig-maker as he rented another capillary adornment. Dr. Potter, of New York, laments "the decay of enthusiasm." He should watch the small boy on the morning of the circus.

Rev. Dr. Pusey left a personal estate of more than \$80,000. All his property goes to his daughter, Miss Mary Amelia Brine. That is to say it is all salted down.

A genius advertised—"A sewing-machine for twenty-five cents in stamps," and his dupes did not see the point until they received a cancrib needle.—Bookkeeper.

Brigham Young's grave is utterly neglected, and his widows never visit it. They went there once to cry over his remains, but it made the ground so sloppy that they all caught cold. Joseph Cook has written an article on tobacco, but fails to teach the secret of the art of carrying cigars in his vest-pocket in such a manner that one's friends cannot detect them.—Puck.

A Western paper announces the fact that an acrobat turned a somersault on a locomotive smokestack. That is nothing. We know of an engineer who turned on the steam.—Philadelphia News.

The New York Sun comes out with the usual announcement that every woman in the land ought to learn how to swim. No woman knows how soon she may get tumbled off a street car.—Detroit Free Press.

A Troy girl was made stark, staring mad by the excitement of the preparations for her own wedding. She ought to have waited till she had been married a little while, when she could have found real provocation for getting mad.

It is said that a young lady can never whistle in the presence of her lover. The reason is obvious. He doesn't give her a chance. When she gets her lips in a proper position for whistling something else always occurs.—Rochester Post.

A San Antonio lawyer does an immense business, according to his card in a local paper. The card reads: "I attend to all the business in the State and Federal courts." This must make it hard for the other lawyers to make a living.—Sittings.

A Missouri maiden's mistake: One of the sweetest-looking girls in the State of Missouri dislocated her shoulder the other day by kicking a cat. Handsome as is handsome does, but she should not kick with her right arm.—Athlison Globe.

A girl shouldn't wear a black belt about her waist when she's got a white dress on and is walking with a young man in the night time. It makes it appear from a rear window as if her fellow had his arm around her waist.—Buffalo News.

Boston girls never sacrifice the cause of culture to that of philanthropy. A tramp recently accosted one of them and asked her if she would be good enough to give him the price of an humble meal. "I haven't any money with me," she said, "but if you'll come around to the house after you're home I'll get him to read you pages of Paradise Lost."